THE P. J.

Adventures

OF

COVENT-GARDEN,

In Imitation of *Scarron's*
City Romance.

Et quorum pars Magna fui.

LONDON,
Printed by H. Hills, *for* R. Standfaſt, *next Door to the* Three Tunn Tavern *juſt within* Temple Barr. 1699.

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THE DEDICATION.

To all my Ingenious Acquaintance at *Will's Coffee-House.*

Gentlemen,

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I am,

Your moſt Devoted,
moſt Obedient, and
moſt Faithful hum-
ble Servant.

TO THE READER.

MY Dedication looks very Blank upon the Matter, and 'tis no Wonder, since I expect no Present for it. But I may venture to say, that no Dedication was ever less Fulsom and Tedious, tho none can deny that I have given my Patrons a very fair Character. The Severe and Judicious may quarrel at me for Innovation in this Affair; but since the greatest Critick of our Age has Published a Dedication without de-

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nominating his Patron, ſo the leaſt has ventured to aſcribe his Patrons, and leave out the Dedication.

I have ſome few things to ſay in Relation to the Author, and touching the Book; the Author is a Perſon admired by the Ladies for his Diſcretion and Secrecy, as you may eaſily imagine by theſe Means he has choſen to confirm their good Opinion of him; and to make the Secret yet cloſer, he has let it looſe among the Wits, who will ſo Chaſe it about Covent-Garden; *but I queſtion whether they ever Hunt it into the right Burrough. If ye are ſo good Philoſophers as to find out the*

Author

Author by a Negative Definition *take it; he's neither* Collieriſt, *nor* Poet, *neither* Æſop of Tunbridge, *nor* Æſop of Bath, *nor the* Dragon of Bow, *nor the* Graſhopper at the Exchange; *and for an Engliſhman not to belong to any of theſe Factions, is ſomewhat ſtrange.*

As to the Book, 'tis for the moſt part, matter of Fact, and all Tranſacted within theſe Three Months. The Criticks may perhaps quarrel with me for breaking Unity of Time; for (ſay they) if an Heroick Poem muſt be limited to the ſpace of Twelve Months, a Novel by the rule of Proportion ſhould be confined

to

to One. But I can urge enough in my defence; perhaps I was very Young when I writ it, or Recovering from a fit of Sickneſs; perhaps I was very Old and near my great Climacterick; perhaps I write it in haſte, or perhaps 'tis my firſt Eſſay.

Now, Gentlemen, I have given you Pick and Choiſe *of the moſt Faſhionable Excuſes, and if you are not ſatisfied, I think unreaſonable.*

Some may ask what I had to do with the Church *and* Stage *in my Novel? Truly I have as little to do with either of them as any Wit among Ye, let them fight Dog, fight Bear, for me. But becauſe I would make my*

Book

Book Beau, *I thought it convenient to Equip him with an Air of the Times, and make him Chat on the most Modish Subject. As another Addition to his Finery, I have given him a* Description of Night. *This was altogether worn about Ten years ago, and may do well enough still for a Change. I build this Allegory of Foppery upon the Authority of a famous Modern, who certainly design'd his* Description of Night *for a* Beau-Wig *to his Piece, as may appear by this Line.*

And Nights Black Locks all Powder'd o're with Stars.

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To the Reader.

Some may accuſe me for ſervile imitation of my Nieghbours in this Deſcription. Faith, I have a great mind to imitate Them very cloſely now by Valuing my ſelf upon it however.

You muſt not in this Piece expect any Wit, for that is grown too Dangerous and Scandalous ſince the Act againſt Immorality and Profaneneſs; *beſides, being within the City Liberties, I muſt not venture to be Facetious, till I know whether the New Lord M——r is* Dragon, Graſhopper, *or what other Animal.*

As for my imitating Scarron, *I confeſs 'tis not* Copia vera, *as many draw their Imitations, but there is ſomething as Odd*

Tot he Reader.

Odd in this Gentlemans Writings, as there was in Perſon, which may puzzle an Author as much as a Painter to delineate him. There are ſome turns of Plot in the following Adventures that may ſeem incredible, but this very ſtrangeneſs to any conſiderate Perſon will appear the moſt convincing Proof of their Truth; for unleſs they had really paſſed, I could never have thought of 'em.

One word to Emilia, *and then —— She only knows the Author, whom if ſhe diſcovers, he certainly diſcovers her; there's a* Rowland for her Oliver: *her Character is drawn by ſo favourable a Hand, that it will make her*

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her Cunning more admired, than her Falſhood hated. My Love has ſtill added a pleaſing gloſs to her worſt Deſigns, and amidſt my ſevereſt Reflections on her Deceit, I have never forgot the Reſpect due to her as a fair Lady: Yet if ſhe will be Angry, let her take what follows.

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THE Adventures OF COVENT-GARDEN.

A Young Gentleman ſomewhat addicted to Poetry and the Diverſions of the Stage, ſtanding one Evening behind the Scenes in *Drury-lane* Playhouſe, was accoſted with a Meſſage by the Door-keeper, that a Lady in the Entrance deſir'd to ſpeak with him; he readily obey'd the Charge, but was ſtrangly ſurpris'd to be ſaluted by a Voice well known to him, and a Perſon whom he imagin'd in another Kingdom, one whom

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he paſſionately lov'd) and whoſe abſence he much regretted; their Joys were mutual at the Interview, but his the greater, becauſe heightn'd by ſurpriſe and unexpectancy; *for Heavens ſake, Madam (ſaid the Spark in a tranſport) is your Husband dead? and may I hope at laſt that you are mine*; The Lady anſwer'd only by a deep Sigh, and conducting him to the Coach which waited for her, ſhe gave him the following account. *You may remember, my dear* Peregrine, *(ſaid ſhe) that conſtrain'd by the Rigour of covetous Parents, who conſulted my Fortune, not Inclinations, I broke my Vows and Proteſtations to you and married* Richly. *Revive not the fatal remembrance (anſwer'd* Peregrine*) which occaſion'd me ſo much miſery, forcing me thro grief to leave the Kingdom, and come hither for* London, *but rather declare the cauſe which ſo happily has Bleſt me now with your Preſence ſo far beyond my hopes. Alas*

Sir

Sir, reply'd Emilia, *why ſhou'd you doubt the occaſion, knowing your ſelf and knowing me? how could I reſt in the Embraces of Another, whilſt nothing but a narrow Sea parted me from my dear* Peregrine. *I gave my friends the ſatisfaction to ſee me married to* Richly, *but did my ſelf the Juſtice to live with none but my Deareſt*———— with which words preſſing his Hand, and letting her Head fall with a Sigh in his Boſom, ſhe murmur'd out the reſt in a Language which Lovers only underſtand. The Coach ſtopt in *Bow-ſtreet Covent-Garden*, where the Lady had taken Lodgings. *Pereg.* was a little ſtartl'd to find himſelf exactly oppoſite to a Houſe wherein dwelt a Lady whom he Courted; for being adviſ'd, that the only cure for the loſs of an old Miſtreſs is a new one, and his Fortune being very much weakn'd by expence of Travel, he had pitch'd on the aforeſaid Lady of a conſiderable Fortune and good

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Family, to relieve his decay'd Eſtate by marrying her; He had won pretty far on the Ladies Inclinations, and Acted the Lover ſo well and ſo frequently, that he had almoſt made it habitual to him, and through pure ſtrength of imagination did almoſt believe her as captivating as his former Miſtreſs; but it was only a fancy, for he ſoon forgot all his Paſſion at the firſt ſight of *Emilia*; and his wavering Affection, like a leſſer Light, was ſoon ſwallow'd in the appearance of a greater; he conducted *Emilia* to her Chamber, where they ſpent an Hour or Two, pleaſantly repeating the Adventures of their paſt Courtſhip, and now and then making proteſtations to improve the future. How ſtrangely ridiculous are Lovers! this Lady had been the greateſt cauſe of many misfortunes to him, and he had ſubſtantial reaſons to believe, the rigour of her Parents was only urg'd as an excuſe to break with him; a rea-

reaſonable Perſon would have conſider'd her as a Renegado from her lawful Husband, and might had ſome regard to the Proteſtations made to the vertuous Lady, and the improvement of his Fortune; I doubt not but the Gentleman's reaſon, which was of the ripeſt growth, ſuggeſted all theſe conſiderations to him; but alas, that Ingenuity which ſhew'd him his errour, plung'd him the deeper in it; the Charms of his *Emilia* were ſo heightn'd by his creative fancy, his Wit loooking through the Perſpective of his Love, ſhew'd all things ſo Charming that nothing but Paſſion could predominate; and certainly the moſt ingenious Men are the moſt liable to the Snares of the Fair; whether it be that their Intellects are more fine, and therefore more adapted for the reception of the ſubtile Paſſion, or being more ſubject to Vanity, may eaſily through a ſenſe of their merit be drawn into a belief of

their being belov'd, and consequently the more easily cheated.

However it was, *Peregrine* went away the most pleas'd Man alive, and coming to his Club at the *Rose*, surpris'd the Company with the Extravagancy of his Mirth; no less than Bumpers wou'd go down, and all to his Mistresses health; there was none of the company dispos'd to comply with his humour, but a Captain, who swearing a bloudy Oath that put his Scarlet out of countenance, declar'd he would Drink for his Mistress as much as *Peregrine* shou'd for his Guts, *and* Damme (*continu'd he*) *I have got the prettiest, kindest creature, and she is newly come to Town; but what is yet stranger, I have not yet enjoy'd her, tho I have seen her twice. I shou'd think it more strange* (*said* Peregrine) *if you ever enjoy her, if she be one that values her Reputation.* Zoons (*cry'd the Captain*) *you loook like an honest Fellow,*

and

and I'll tell you a ſecret; My Miſtreſs is the prettieſt Lady in England, *and ſhe Lodges hard by in* Bow-ſtreet. The whole Company, who knew that *Peregrine* Courted a Lady in *Bow-ſtreet*, burſt out a Laughing, and one of them ask'd the Captain where abouts his Miſtreſs liv'd? *About the middle of the Street, (reply'd he)* which increas'd the Laughter all about the Table. Here appear'd another Caprice in the humour of our Lover: *Peregrine*, who juſt now had forgot and laid by all thoughts of his former Miſtreſs, had his paſſion renew'd by the apprehenſion of a Rival, and his Flame like other Fire, meeting with oppoſition, began to rage more furiouſly; he ask'd the Captain what incouragment he had receiv'd, to authoriſe him to call that Lady Miſtreſs? *Only this (ſaid the Captain) that I am belov'd by her above all Men in the World, for which I have her own Declaration.* *Peregrine* being ſenſible

how far a Lac'd Coat and Feathers uſually work upon the Female Sex, was very uneaſy, and calling a Reckoning left the Company.

Next Morning he went to *Emilia*'s Lodgings, but 'twas anſwer'd by the Houſe that ſhe was gone abroad; he repeated his Viſit in the Afternoon with no better ſucceſs; three or four Days he continu'd to wait upon her thus, but could never find her at home: The Lady over the way had perceiv'd him to go frequently thither, and hearing that a ſtrange Lady lodg'd there, began to entertain ſome Jealous thoughts of him, ſhe therefore order'd a Footman to watch him at his next coming, and to tell him that ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with him; the Meſſage was deliver'd accordingly, and he waited on *Selinda*. *Sir (ſaid ſhe) I was afraid that you had miſtaken my Lodgings, by your freequent calling at another Houſe ſo near me, and therefore I ſent my Ser-*

Servant to ſet you right. He was waken'd from his ſweet Dream of *Emilia* by ſo juſt a charge; but the words of the Captain coming in his Head, *Madam (ſaid he) I ſaw the Sign of a Lac'd Coat hung out at your Houſe, which occaſion'd my miſtaking it.* The Lady deſiring him to explain his Expreſſion, he plainly told her what the Captain ſaid; ſhe aſſur'd him by very convincing reaſons, that ſhe knew no ſuch Perſon, and implicitly hinted to him, that if he were the Lover he pretended, it lay upon him to make the Blockhead beg her Pardon. *Peregrine* needed no ſuch inſtigation, for by this it appear'd to him that the Captains words were out of a dull deſign of affronting him, and vowing Revenge wou'd have immediately gone to have put it in Execution. The Lady dreading the bluſtring title of Captain, and fearing to Expoſe *Peregrine*, whom ſhe really Lov'd, detain'd him, by a pretence of his Accom-

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Accompanying her to *Bartholemew-Fair*, whether ſhe deſign'd to go that Evening to Raffle; he could not decline waiting on her, and ſuſpended therefore his intended reſentments. The Lady's Coach was got ready, and they went to the *Cloyſters*, where they Joyn'd in with ſome very good Company to Raffle, among which was my Lord *C*——— who had a Lady Mask'd with him, and whom he entertain'd with ſome Reſpect, yet mix'd with a little Familiarity: The firſt Piece of ſmall value my Lord won, and preſented to his Mask'd Lady; the ſecond, worth Ten pound, *Peregrine* carried; not ſo glad for his Succeſs, as Proud to make ſuch a Preſent to his Miſtreſs; he was turning towards her to Preſent it, when the Mask'd Lady with a careleſs motion, as if by accident, pull'd off her *Vizor*, and ſhew'd him the Charming Face of his dear *Emilia*; ſhe imagin'd; obliging him to know her

her was Claim ſufficient to the *China*. Gods! how great was *Peregrine*'s ſurpriſe! What a ſtrange Dilemma was he brought to! all the rules of civility and good Manners, nay even gratitude, oblig'd him to give the Preſent to *Selinda* whom he had waited on to the Fair, nay, the Company had already begun to congratulate her ſucceſs in that of the Gentleman; But *Emilia*, the charming *Emilia*, that held his Heart, detain'd his Hand; he had long ſince made her a Preſent of his Soul, and who now cou'd ſtand in competition with her for any thing elſe: He never had ſuch occaſion for his Wits to bring him off, but finding no Expedient readier, he pretending a Slip let the *China* fall, and broke it, and feigning a diſſatisfaction for the Loſs, wou'd throw no more: Both the Ladies were well enough pleas'd, each imagining that he was vex'd upon her ſcore, ſuppoſing he intend-

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ed it for her, which he purpoſely broke, leſt he ſhou'd oblige either by the diſpleaſure of the other.

But *Pereg.* trouble was not here at an end, he ſaw his *Emilia*, who ſo lately and ſo lovingly careſſed him, entertain'd by a Nobleman, and one of the greateſt Gallants in *England*; but what wou'd have deſtroy'd anothers affection, only increaſed his; he took a ſecret Pride in Rivalling ſo great a Man, and it confirmed his great opinion of *Emilia*'s beauty, to ſee her Admir'd by ſo accompliſh't a Perſon and abſolute Courtier as my Lord *C*—— Theſe conſiderations augmenting his Love, increaſed his Jealouſy alſo, and every little Familiarity that my Lord us'd, heightned his Love to her, and hatred to his Lordſhip; he Lov'd her for being Admir'd by my Lord, yet hated my Lord for Loving her. He was oblig'd however to wait on *Selinda* home; beſides he receiv'd no great

great encouragment from *Emilia* to prompt him to offer his Service, for ſhe had not regarded him one Jot after he broke the *China* ; he went Home ſtrangely diſtracted, which *Selinda* imagining it to proceed from his reſentment againſt the Captain, minded no further than by adviſing him to deſiſt, telling him that the aſperſions of a Fool are never minded, unleſs the Perſon aſperſed takes notice of them. He went Home never the more ſatisfied, and reſolving to quit himſelf of one trouble imediatly, he writ the following Note.

SIR,

YOUR words at the Tavern the other night ſeem purely deſign'd to affront me, ſince I am now ſatisfied they cou'd be grounded

ded on no other Foundation; if you dare repeat them, meet me behind *Montague* Houſe to morrow Morning at Six, where only I can give you a proper anſwer,

Yours,

Peregrine.

This Letter he gave to a Porter, with orders to deliver it to Captain ——— at his Lodgings, or if he were abroad to find him out, and to deliver it into his own Hand.

Peregrine roſe early next Morning and came to the place appointed, and walked about full of ſerious thoughts upon his Adventure, reflecting on the many inconveniences contracted by Womens converſation; he remembred that the greateſt diſquiets of his Life had proceeded from

from Female cauſes, and found himſelf that very Moment at the very brink of Deſtruction, involv'd in an unavoidable Dilemma of falling by the Sword, or dying by the Law, and all upon a Womans ſcore; he found, that had he never Lov'd Woman, he had never hated Man, and had he never owned a Miſtreſs, he had never feared an Enemy. The apprehenſions of ſo many dangers paſt and to come, occaſioned chiefly by his fatal *Emilia*, began ſomewhat to alienate his affection, which backed by his ſuſpicion of her falſhood, confirmed him in a reſolution of weaning himſelf for the future from ſo childiſh a Paſſion. He walked thus ruminating above two hours, but no news of the Captain, and he was pretty well pleas'd not to meet his Adverſary, being now convicted of the unreaſonable grounds of his quarrel: Being upon ſerious reflections convinc'd, that the Captains

tains words might have intended ſome other beſides his Miſtreſs, ſince he did not name *Selinda*, and that ſhe had aſſur'd him, ſhe knew no ſuch Man. He left the Field, eſtabliſh'd in theſe Three calm Reſolutions, Firſt, for ever to avoid *Emilia*'s company which had been ſo fatal; Secondly, to beg the Captains pardon, when he firſt met him; and Laſtly, to promote his Marriage with *Selinda* as ſpeedily as he could. But here behold the ſtrange weakneſs of a Lover, his Inclinations muſt lead him by *Emilia*'s Lodgings as he paſt homewards, and he gave this excuſe to his reaſon, that he wou'd by that means try the firmneſs of his reſolve, in paſſing by her Lodgings without looking once at her Window; Walking therefore down *Bow-ſtreet*, when he was juſt oppoſite to the Houſe, his fooliſh wavering fancy ſuggeſted, that there cou'd be no harm in looking up to her Window, ſince he believ'd ſhe

ſhe ſtood not there ; yet to what end ſhou'd any reaſonable Man but a Glaſier look at a Window, when he expected no body at it. He never the leſs caſt up his Eye, and behold how he was paid for his peeping.

Inſtead of the dear Caſement which he only hoped to ſee, he diſcover'd Monſieur the Captain with his formidable Lac'd Coat ſtanding out of the Window, and his beloved *Emilia* ſtanding familiarly by him.

Now for our Sparks Reſolutions, reaſon would have oblig'd him to continue them now ſtronger, for he had a new inſtance of *Emilia*'s falſhood, and of the truth of the Captains words, but the ſight wrought a clear contrary effect ; he found himſelf now touch'd in the tendereſt part, and the Captains Expreſſions which he could bear when the Company ſuppos'd them Apply'd to *Selinda*, he could not ſuffer

now he found them meant of. *Emilia, Gods* (*cry'd he out*) *ſhall I be outrivaſl'd by a Fool in the affection of one as Admirable for her ſenſe as for her Beauty; tho the Coward durſt not meet me at the place appointed, he will certainly reſent an affront in his Miſtreſſes preſence, which may afford me revenge of both.* Hereupon he comes to the Door, and opening it without any Ceremony, comes madly up, but was met upon the Stairs by *Emilia*; who running to him, caught him in her tender Arms, ſaying, *My dear* Peregrine, *how have I long'd to ſee You? and what have I done to Merit this ſtrangeneſs of Yours?* She went to Kiſs him, but he hearing a Perſon paſs down Stairs by him, look'd about, and ſaw it was only a Porter. *O my deareſt* (*concluded ſhe*) *I am overjoy'd that you're come ſo opportunely for my relief; for I have been peſter'd theſe Five or ſix Days inceſſantly by my Lord C——*

who

who has ſent juſt now to know if I am at leaſure to receive a viſit. I ſuppoſe Madam (*anſwer'd* Peregrine) *that you are not at leaſure, for you have Company above Stairs. None that ſhall detain me from entertaining you* (*replyed ſhe.*) *Madam, anſwered* Peregrine, *you ſhall not prevent me from entertaining him by all your Artifices; for by Heavens I'll pull off his* Lions *Skin, and ſhow the* Aſs *in his own Colours. Who do you mean pray Sir* (*ſaid ſhe*) *a Coward in the King's Livery? Madam, your Captain above. A Captain! replied* Emilia, *ha, ha, ha, I'll behang'd if you have not miſtaken my Lord's Footman for an Officer, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, poor* Peregrine, *you have not rub'd the Sleep out of your Eyes this Morning. Truly Madam* (*ſaid* Peregrine) *your behaviour makes me doubt that I am Awake. No, no,* (*replyed ſhe*) *you are Dreaming, as I ſhall convince you;* and leading

him up into her Chamber, *Is this your Captain? Peregrine* was ſtrangely amazed to find a very Sheepiſh Fellow leaning on the Window with a Lac'd Coat on, which he imagin'd the Captains. The occaſion of which Metamorphoſis was this.

The Porter which *Peregrine* employed the Night before to carry the Challenge to the Captain, heard at his Lodgings that the Captain would not be at home till it was late, and the poor Fellow being tir'd with trudging about all Day, and ſuppoſing it ſufficient to deliver it in the Morning, went home to his Reſt, and came accordingly in the Morning, where he was told by the Captains Servant, that his Maſter lay abroad all Night, but that he had appointed to meet him about two Hours hence at the Black-poſts next door to the —— in *Bow-ſtreet*. The Porter accordingly went thither, and found the Captain in *Emi-*

lia's

lia's Chamber, and had deliver'd him the Note juſt as *Peregrine* had look'd up at the Window. At the ſame inſtant *Emilia* ſpy'd him, and with great ſurpriſe cryed out, *O Lord; Sir, I am Ruin'd.* The Captain asked what was the matter? *O (ſaid ſhe) dear Sir, yonder's my Husband, who has ſeen you, and if we find not a device to impoſe upon him, he will Murder me. What ſhall we do (ſaid the Captain) not all the Stratagems in the Art Military can ſave us. But I have one Stratagem in the Art of Love ſhall do, ſaid ſhe; Strip, ſtrip, Sir, imediately, change Cloaths with the Porter.* The Captain very willing to oblige the Lady, obeyed her Commands, and equipp'd the Porter immediately, and puting on the Porters Coat, Froek, and Apron, ſlunk down Stairs by *Peregrine* undiſcover'd, leaving the gawdy Porter in *Emilia's* Chamber; which ſo much occaſioned *Pe-*

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regrine's wonder. He had the demonſtration of his Eyes that it was the Captain but ſome Minutes before, and now by the ſame Evidence it appears that it is not he. *This is all Illuſion* (*ſaid* Peregrine *in a Conſternation.*) *Illuſion!* (*replyed* Emilia) *I little thought that* Peregrine *could have ſuch ill thoughts of Me, as to believe I would entertain an Officer at this Hour in my Chamber. Truly Madam* (*anſwered* Peregrine) *tho Love be blind, I don't think Jealouſy is ſo, and tho Womens Beauty depends on our fancy, their Vertue does not; we rightly can Judge of that, tho not of tother. Sir* (*ſaid* Emilia) *you have never received any proofs of my immodeſty, tho many of my Love, and I therefore think it both ingratitude and injuſtice in you to tax my Vertue, which you ought to defend, ſince you are ſenſible it has held out even againſt you whom I ſo dearly lov'd, and who* (*I thought*) *lov'd*

lov'd me, but I find now too late that I have been miſtaken; upon which ſhe burſt out in Tears. *Go back Sir (ſaid ſhe to the Porter) and tell your Lord that I begin to ſuſpect his deſigns upon me for vicious; alas, I am unacquainted with the Tricks of this City, and did not imagine that a Nobleman could have any baſe deſigns upon a Poor Womans Honour; go quickly to him, I ſay, and bid him never trouble me again, for he has made me already an unfortunate Woman.* With which words ſhe Wept moſt bitterly. O the bewitching Charms of Womankind, that even their weakneſſes ſhould conquer our ſtrongeſt Reſolves! how eaſily is vain Man drawn into a belief of his being belov'd! We take forty Declarations of their indifference or hatred for effects only of their Modeſty, but the firſt confeſſion of their Love we preſently Credit; when, alas, their profeſſion of the Latter is often

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as falſe, as of Former : But what can't moving Tears of weeping Beauty melt. Love in gaiety may take, but Love in Mourning only truly wounds. The poor relenting *Peregrine* fell at her Feet, weeping as faſt as She.

The fervent Lover Sigh'd, and Wept, and Swore,
That he wou'd ne're diſtruſt her Vertue more.
About her Knees he Cling'd with amorous Bands,
And preſt his Vows upon her Lips and Hands.
She often did her Damon, Faithleſs call,
At laſt with ſullen Cooing pardon'd all.
He raviſh'd roſe, and Claſpt the yielding Fair ;
His bounding Joy ſprung higher from Deſpair.

He

He Seal'd his Pardon with an endleſs Kiſs,
If there be Extaſy in Love, 'tis this.

Behold how ſuddenly the Scheme is turn'd, the poor deluded *Peregrine* imagins his Miſtreſs a *Lucretia*; all his former reſolutions are melted in her Boſom, whilſt ſhe, innocent creature, murmurs at his unkindneſs, checking and careſſing him at the ſame time, to ſhew how eaſily her Love conquered her reſentments. He at laſt left her, and paſſing out of the Door, eſpied the Captain in the Porters Habit ſtanding at the entrance; he had ſtay'd there waiting *Peregrin*'s departure, reſolving upon that to return to *Emilia*, and with her to Laugh at the Cuckold, as he imagined him; who had moſt occaſion to Laugh, we ſhall find preſently. *Peregrine* immediately knew the Frock and Porters

ters Cloaths, and the Captain being of ſomewhat a Porterly ſhape, he made no doubt but it was the ſame Fellow he had imployed laſt Night to carry the Challenge to the Captain, and immediately asked how he had delivered his Meſſage. The Captain ignorant of the matter, could make no direct anſwer; which incenſing *Peregrine*, *Sirrah* (*ſaid he*) *reſolve me inſtantly or I'll break your Head, Raſcal.* The Officer unuſed to ſuch words, began to mumble ſomething ſawcily. Upon which, without any further ceremony, he raps the poor Captain over the Head and Shoulders very ſmartly with his Cane. The Captain roar'd out, *Bloud and Wounds immediately.* Upon which *Peregrine* redoubled his ſtroaks and liquor'd his Buff moſt abundantly, till ſome Gentlemen of *Peregrine*'s acquaintance took him off, and carried him to *Wills* Coffee-houſe. The poor Captain miſerably beaten,

beaten, was clear off the Laughing pin; and coming up ſtairs to *Emilia*, inquir'd for his Cloaths immediately. She anſwered, ſhe had ſent the Porter down ſtairs to him; but the Porter was no ſuch Fool, for finding himſelf ſo richly Rigged, he ſlipt out of the back Door, and was never heard off after. The poor Captain foam'd and chafed outragiouſly at theſe abuſes, and went to ſculk home as ſpeedily as he might, to equip himſelf in another Suit; he went through all the blind Alleys and Lanes that he could, for fear of meeting any of his acquaintance; but when he got pretty near his Lodgings, it was his bad fortune in one of theſe by-places to paſs by the Houſe where the Porter lived; his Wife accidentally ſtood at the Door, who knowing her Husbands Cloaths, preſently laid hold of him, crying out, that the Villain had Murdered her Husband and ſtript him of his Cloaths;

Cloaths; her noiſe preſently raiſed the Mobb, who flocking about the unfortunate Captain, began to lug and hale him moſt unſufferably; he cryed out with a Voice loud enough to give the Word of Command, *that he was an Officer, a Captain, &c.* A mighty Butcher with a ſwell'd Face of Authority advances, and deſires to ſee his Commiſſion; but that was gone in the Pocket of his embroidered Waſtcoat. *Some disbanded Rogue (cryes the Butcher) that's now forced to live by cutting Throats; away with him, away with him before a Magiſtrate.* The poor Captain ran the Gauntlet moſt wretchedly till he came to the Houſe of Juſtice *M——* in *Drury-lane*, who upon the Oath of the Porters Wife, and ſome of her creditable Neighbours, drew his Mittimus in order for *Newgate.* Worſe and worſe! what muſt poor Buff do? he muſt now diſcover himſelf to his Friends for Bail, and

and so be made the Jest of the whole Town; he call'd the Justice aside, and told him the whole story. The Magistrate answered, unless the Porter could be found, that the Law would oblige him to his Tryal at the *Old-Bayly*, and that he must be bound over to answer at the next Sessions, and accordingly he was so.

Peregrine losing a very good Jest by his ignorance in this affair, goes next Evening to the Play; where meeting some of his ingenious acquaintance, *viz.* Mr. *W*—— Mr. *H*—— Mr. *M*—— with others of that Club, there arose a discourse concerning the Battel between the Church and the Stage, with relation to the Champions that mantained the parties; the result upon the matter was this, that Mr. *Collier* showed to much Malice and rancour for a Church-man, and his Adversaries too little wit; for the Character of Poets, that their faults transversed would

show

ſhow much better; Dulneſs being more familiar with thoſe of Mr. *Collier*'s Function, as Malice and ill nature is more adapted to the Profeſſors of wit. That the beſt way of anſwering Mr. *Collier*, was not to have replyed at all: for there was ſo much Fire in his Book, had not his Adverſaries thrown in Fuel, it would have fed upon it ſelf, and ſo have gone out in a Blaze. As to his reſpondents, that Captain *Va*—— wrote too like a Gentleman to be eſteemed a good Caſuiſt; that Mr. *C*——'s paſſion in this buſineſs had blinded his reaſon, which had ſhone ſo fair in his other Writings; that Mr. *S*——*l* wanted the wit of Captain *Va*—— as much as he did Mr. *Settle*'s gravity That the two Anſwers to Mr. *C*—— have done his Book too much honour, but themſelves too great an Injury: In ſhort, upon the whole matter, that whoever gained the Victory, the Stage muſt loſe by it, be-

ing

ing ſo long the ſeat of the War; And unleſs Mr. *Dryden*, or Mr. *Wicherly* remove the combuſtion into the Enemies Country, the *Theatre* muſt down. And the end of this War will be attended by caſhiering the Poets, as the laſt Peace was by disbanding the Army.

Their diſcourſe continued till the Play began, when *Peregrine* ſpying his Miſtreſs *Selinda* in a front Box, was obliged to leave his Friends to entertain her. This Lady had a great ſhare of Senſe, and was mightily pleaſed with what the Fair Sex call fine things, which, that Play, being the *Indian Emperour*, was plentifully ſtored with. *Peregrine* was ſo much a Courtier as to Joyn with her in the Applauſe, but being of a critical humour, he could not forbear making ſome ſevere remarks on the *Dramma*, and inconſiſtencies of Plots. *You Criticks* (*ſaid* Selinda) *make a mighty ſputter about exactneſs*

actneſs of Plot, unity of time, place, and I know not what, which I can never find do any Play the leaſt good. (Peregrine *ſmild at her Female ignorance.*) *But ſhe continued, I have one thing to offer in this diſpute, which I think ſufficient to convince you; I ſuppoſe the chief deſign of Plays is to pleaſe the People, and get the Play-Houſe and Poet a Livelyhood. You muſt pardon me Madam,* (*replyed* Peregrine) *Inſtruction is the buſineſs of Plays. Sir* (*ſaid the Lady*) *make it the buſineſs of the Audience Firſt to be pleas'd with Inſtruction, and then I ſhall allow you it to be the chief end of Plays. But ſuppoſe Madam* (*ſaid he*) *that I grant what you lay down. Then Sir* (*anſwered ſhe*) *you muſt allow that what ever Plays moſt exactly Anſwer this aforeſaid end, are the moſt exact Plays. Now I can inſtance you many Plays, as all thoſe by* Shakeſpear *and* Johnſon, *and the moſt of Mr.* Dryden's, *which you*

Criticks

Criticks quarrel at as irregular, which nevertheleſs ſtill continue to pleaſe the Audience, and are a continual ſupport to the Theatre; *there's very little of your Unity of time or place in any of them, yet they never fail to Anſwer the propoſed end very ſucceſſfully. Beſides Sir, I have heard your ſelf ſay, that Poetry is purely an imitation of* Nature; *what buſineſs then can Art pretend in the affair? O Madam,* (*Anſwered* Peregrine) *this Art is only the improvement or perfection of Nature, and is us'd in Poetry, as Geometrical Lines in Painting do delineate the peice to an exact Model or Form. Then certainly* (*replyed the Lady*) *theſe rules are ill underſtood, or our Nature has changed ſince they were made; for we find they have no ſuch effects now as they had formerly. For Inſtance, I am told the* (Double Dealer) *and,* (Plot and no Plot) *are two very exact Plays, as you call them, yet all their Unity of*

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Time, Place, and Action, neither pleaſed the Audience, nor got the Poets Money. A late Play too call'd (Beauty in Diſtreſs) *in which the Author, no doubt, ſweat as much in confining the whole Play to one Scene, as the Scene-Drawers ſhould were it to be changed a hundred times; this Play had indeed a commendatory Copy from Mr.* Dryden, *but I think he had better have altered the Scene, and pleaſed the Audience; in ſhort had theſe Plays been a little more exact, as you call it, they had all been exactly Damn'd. Peregrine* would have anſwered, but a pluck by the Sleeve obliged him to turn from *Selinda* to entertain a Lady Mask'd, who had given him the Nudg; he preſently knew her to be *Emilia* who whiſperd him in the Ear, *I find Sir, what* Guyomar *ſaid juſt now is very true,*

That

That Love which first took Root
will first Decay,
That of a fresher date, will longer
stay.

Peregrine, tho surprised, was pleased with her pretty Reprimand, being delivered withour any Anger, but in murmuring complaining Accents, which never fail to move; insomuch that he could not forbear demonstrating his satisfaction in such Terms and Behaviour, as rendered him remarkable to all about him; he quite forgot *Selinda*, and his Argument. And she endeavour'd to forget him by remembring this Action of his; and tho many slips occasioned by Passion are pardonable, yet when Love causes Offences against it self in default of good Manners towards the Fair, 'tis unexcusable. Had he used *Emilia* with that freedom and careleſness which Masks generally meet with in the Pit, *Se-*

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linda would have imagined her familiarity with *Peregrine* to have only proceeded from a Pert and Impudent Behaviour, which such Creatures use with all Gentlemen; but he used something of a Fawning and Amorous respect to her, which raised *Selinda*'s Jealousy to the highest pitch. But this was not all the Mischief occasioned by the Interview, for my Lord *C*——— had that very Evening made an Assignation with *Emilia* at the Play, whether she came early; she beheld *Peregrine* with Indifference whilst he taulked among his Friends, nor had she the least Motion to discover her self to him; but spying him addressing a fine Lady in the Box, whom she perceived to entertain him with more then ordinary Civility, she felt a violent Inclination to interrupt him; She found by the Ladies freedom and gayety in Discourse, that she was fond of *Peregrine*'s conversation, and out of a

a pure malicious design would deprive her of it; She accomplish'd her design, *Peregrine* paid her an extraordinary respect, and she returned it with as much civility, purely to raise *Selinda*'s Jealousy, whom she had now remembred to have seen twice with *Peregrine*; but the Poor Lady was caught in her own Net; for at the Instant of her greatest freedom with *Peregrine*, my Lord discover'd her. He is the most Jealous Amourist in *England*, and to one of his temper, he saw enough to raise a distrust of his Mistresses discretion: Coming close up to her, he Whisperd her, *Madam, I am as good as my Appointment, but finding you better employed, I shan't be so rude as to interrupt you.* Upon which she presently turn'd from *Peregrine* to my Lord. Hey, pass, the Tides turned, and poor *Peregrine*'s left upon the Sand; nay the Wind's turn'd too, for looking at *Selinda* he could see

nothing but Storm and Tempeſt in her Brow. But he alone was not Shipwrackt, for poor *Emilia* ran the ſame fate; for ſhe entertained my Lord with that earneſtneſs, that it appeared how familiar ſhe was ſtill with his Lordſhip, which gave *Peregrine* a new proof of her falſhood, but was not ſufficient to convince my Lord of her Integrity, ſo that the reſult upon the tranſactions of this Evening, was, that *Selinda* through Jealouſy of the Mask'd Lady had diſcarded *Peregrine*; He Jealous of my Lord *C*———had forſaken *Emilia*; and ſhe by her familiarity with *Peregrine* is deſerted by his Lordſhip.

But above all, *Peregrine*'s trouble was much the greateſt; he had loſt the hopes of amending his Fortune by Marrying a vertuous Lady, and one whom he might reaſonably ſuppoſe Lov'd him, and all through the means of a Perſon who ungratefully had abuſed his paſſion. A reflection

on the Weakneſs of his temper in not ſticking to his reſolutions, was no ſmall affliction; but above all, the falſhood of his *Emilia* occaſioned his diſtraction; he went to bed, hoping there to find that reſt which his waking thoughts denied.

The Nights black Curtain o're the World was ſpread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead.
A deep and awful ſilence, void of Light,
With dusky Wings ſat brooding o're the Night.
The rowling Orbs mov'd ſlow from Eaſt to Weſt,
With harmony that lull'd the World to reſt.
The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Flouds lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled.

Some twinkling Sars that through the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to Wink as if they wanted ſleep.
All Nature huſh'd, as when diſſolv'd, and laid
In ſilent *Chaos* e're the World was made.
Only the Beating of the Lovers Breaſt,
Made noiſe enough to keep his Eyes from Reſt.
His little World, not like the greater, lay,
In loudeſt Tumults of diſorder'd Day.
His Sun of beauty ſhone, to light his Breaſt,
With all its various Toyls and Labours preſt.
The Sea of paſſion in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempeſt of his ſighs did rowl,
In towring Floods to overwhelm the whole. Thoſe

Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, vain hope and fear,
That ſtill by turns uſurp an Empire there,
Now raiſing Man on high, then plunging in deſpair.
Thus *Daman* lies, his grief no reſt affords,
Till ſwelling high, it thus burſt out in Words.
Oh! I cou'd Curſe all Womankind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone.
Hell's greateſt Curſe a Woman, if unkind,
Yet Heavens great Bleſſing, if ſhe Loves, we find.
Thus our chief Joys with moſt allays are Curſt,
And our beſt things when once corrupted, worſt.
But Heaven is juſt, our ſelves the Idols fram'd,
And are for ſuch vain worſhip Juſtly damn'd.

Thus

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Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his fate,
Emilia's charms now did his Love create,
That Love replus'd now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd croſs his Boſom reſt,
Hugging her lovely Image printed in his Breaſt.
Where flattering Painter fancy ſhow'd his art,
In charming draughts, his Pencil Cupid's Dart.
The ſhadow drawn ſo Lively did appear,
As made him think the real ſubſtance there.
He thought her Naked, ſoft, and yielding Waſte,
Within his preſſing Arms was folded faſt,
Nay, in her Charms ſhe really there was plac'd.

Elſe,

Elſe, how cou'd Pleaſure to ſuch Raptures flow,
The effect was real, then the Cauſe was ſo.
What more can moſt ſubſtantial pleaſure boaſt,
Than Joy when preſent, Memory when paſt?
Then bliſs is real which the fancy frames,
Or thoſe call'd real Joys are only Dreams.

Peregrine once more put on firm reſolutions, not only of avoiding *Emilia*, but the whole Sex; but alas, ſuch deſigns had been ſo often broken and patch'd up, that he could not expect they ſhould laſt long; he roſe fully reſolved for the Country that Morning, hoping, that diverſity of Company might wear off his trouble occaſioned by the City converſation. He was juſt ſending to take up a place in the *Tunbridge*-Coach,

Coach, when a Meſſenger brought him a Letter ; which he opening, was ſurpriſed to find come from *Emilia*; he expected to find it full of Recantations and Excuſes for her Familiarity with my Lord *C*—— and ſlighting him the Night before at the Play; but before he would venture to read the Charm, he thought it convenient to ſay his Prayers in the following Words:

From Wit couch'd in Nonſenſe, which blinds all that Read,
From conjuring Scrawls which like Magick invade,
From words ſpelt as Falſe as the Authors are made,
Libera nos, &c.

Then fully reſolved to account all the contents as the Voice of a *Syren* that would deſtroy him, he Read with great amazement the following Words.

Dear

Dear Peregine,

BEing altogether a Stranger in Town, and deſtitute of Friends, I am compell'd to be troubleſom to you, whom I have no reaſon to believe will deſert me in my Neceſſity; I have urgent occaſion for Twenty or Thirty Guineas, which I beg you to ſend me by the Bearer, and you will infinitely oblige,

Yours

Thurſday Morning

Emilia.

A very odd turn of affairs, I muſt confeſs! and wrought as ſtrange a turn

turn in the humour of our Lover. He quite forgot all thoughts of her Falſhood to deplore her Neceſſity, and the Scantineſs of his own Fortune that confin'd him from relieving her. A fooliſh nicety of Honour ſuggeſted to him, that if he now forſook her, ſhe would attribute his unkindneſs not to any fault of Hers, but reckon it a poor pretence for evading her Requeſt. Here was an Inſtance of Female policy, here was a Stratagem to recover a loſt Lover, that (I believe) the moſt intreagueing Devil could never ſuggeſt to contriving Woman before. She was afraid that his Love was ſo ſhocked by her behaviour, that ſhe could not build a Reconciliation upon that; and therefore reſolv'd to draw his Honour in, to make up the breach, being conſcious that Ingenious Men are as fruitful in diſcovering Niceties in that, as Beauties in their Miſtreſs, and ſometimes as much to their Prejudice.

judice. But the depth of her Contrivance went yet further, as ſhall hereafter appear.

Peregrine diſmiſt the Meſſenger with this Anſwer, That he would wait on the Lady imediately; and preſently after, in his Riding ſuit, he went to her Lodgings, poſitively reſolved to give her what Money he could ſpare, then upbraid her for her Falſhood, and ſo take his laſt farewell. He found her in an Undreſs ſitting on her Beds-feet in a very Melancholy poſture; her Night-gown careleſly looſe diſcovered her Snowy Breaſts, which Agitated by the violence of her Sighs, heaved and fell with a moſt Languiſhing motion; her Eyes were fixt on the Ground, and without regarding *Peregrine*, ſhe raiſed her Voice in a Mournful and moving ſweetneſs, ſinging, *Fool, Fool, that conſidered not when I was well*, concluding which with a deep Sigh, ſhe caſt a complaining

ing Look on *Peregrine*, intimating that he alone had occaſioned her Sorrows. He beheld thoſe enticing Beauties, that too well knew the way to his Heart; He beheld the moving Charms of Female Sorrow, artfully expreſs'd in a careleſs Melancholy; and to all this, he heard that tuneful ſtart of Grief which made his raviſhed Soul ſtrike Uniſon with the complaining Harmony. Let thoſe who have ever felt the pleaſing follies of Love, now gueſs at our Lovers thoughts. Such will Pardon his weakneſs, being conſcious of the force of ſo many united Charms. He begged to know the Cauſe of her great Grief, making all poteſtations (that Paſſion could ſuggeſt) of uſing his utmoſt endeavours in relieving her. *Alas* Peregrine (*anſwered ſhe*) *my Misfortunes are many, and all proceeding from ſo Dear an occaſion, that I could wiſh them to continue, rather than think the Cauſe ſhould ceaſe.*

In

In ſhort, (continued ſhe Weeping) my Paſſion for you has drawn me into a neceſſity of being troubleſom to one whoſe kindneſs will perhaps flow from a Principle of Charity, not Love. But Sir, (I ſcorn to be pitied; and if I can't merit your Eſteem, I diſdain to be an Object of your Compaſſion. Madam (replied he) my Charity may extend to ſhare Superfluities, but no leſs motive then Love could engage me thus to diſtribute my neceſſaries. upon which he gave her Ten *Guineas*, leaving himſelf but One. *Well, my dear* Peregrine *(ſays ſhe) I am too ſenſible of the unhappineſs of your Circumſtances, and will therefore Treſpaſs no further upon them: You ſhall only ſpare me ſome of your Love to lay out upon Another, and that ſhall pay the Ranſom for your Money.* Peregrine *was ſtrangely ſurpriſed at her Diſcourſe! Be not ſtartled, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) for a Proof of your Affection it*

must be so; I have long been Solicited by my Lord C——— *and have received some Presents from Him, and was in a fair way of Commanding what I pleased, had not my unlucky kindness to you at the Play last Night raised his Jealosy to that Degree, that he has forsaken me Now, Sir, since your circumstances debar you from recompencing the loss, I think you are obliged to be Instrumental to Me in recovering his Affection; but do not think (my Dearest) that he can ever destroy your Interest in my Heart, but rather heighten it, being a means to support that Love which the scantiness of your Fortune would Starve.* Very reasonable Arguments to make *Peregrine* a downright Pimp! He was strangely Netled, but being resolv'd to see the Utmost. *How Madam (said he) can I be Instrumental in your Reconciliation with his Lordship? Only thus (Replied she) you must know he*

he is wonderfully Charmed with Wit and Writing fine, in a Woman; now I am ſenſible you have an Excellent Talent in Epiſtolary Stile, (which I muſt ſtill remember ſince firſt your Charming Letters conquered me;) you muſt therefore write an Ingenious Letter for me, which I will Tranſcribe, and ſend to his Lordſhip, which will Infallibly reclaim him. But ſuppoſe Madam (ſaid Peregrine) *that my Lord diſcovers the difference of Stile if you Write to him again? No, no (ſaid ſhe) you ſhall Anſwer all my Lords Letters for me. Peregrine* immediately conceiving, that by this means he ſhould ſee my Lord *C*——'s Letters, and thereby diſcover if the Intreague went any further then he would have it, undertook the Task, and wrote a Letter which wrought the deſired effect.

My Lord was already captivated by *Emilia*'s Beauty, but was not

Lover enough to think the Nonſenſe of a Miſtreſs, Wit; but this Letter, full of Paſſion and Ingenuity, fir'd him, he found what he ſo admired in a Lady, there expreſſed in a great degree, and immediately came to wait upon her.

By this time *Peregrine*, much confuſed by the Odneſs of this Adventure, had departed; and *Emilia* Received his Lordſhip in a contrary Humour to what ſhe had ſhown to *Peregrine*, entertaining him with all the gayety and briskneſs imaginable. My Lord not abating of his Jealous Humour, deſired to know whom ſhe entertained ſo freely at the Play. *'Tis a Creature, my Lord,* (*replyed ſhe*) *called a neceſſary Lover. I have often heard* (*ſaid he*) *of a neceſſary Animal called a Husband, but never of a neceſſary Lover before. Such, my Lord,* (*ſaid ſhe*) *are of the ſame uſe*

uſe to us, as a Husband to a Wife, to cover all our Faults. They defend our Honours in all Company, being poſſeſſed of a good Opinion of our Vertue; which Opinion once Eſtabliſhed, we take all care to Improve. Methirks (anſwered he) your freedom with that Gentleman were enough to deſtroy that good Opinion, if he entertained any ſuch before. No, my Lord ſaid ſhe) theſe are the Arts by which we ſecure them; for granting them all innocent Freedoms and Incouragment without the leaſt Favour, makes them ſet a favourable conſtruction upon ſuch our Behaviour with others, and induces them to believe all Stories prejudicial to our Reputation rather the effects of Mens Vanity, than our kindneſs: Beſides, being once drawn into a beliefe of their being beloved by us, their Vanity ſuggeſts, that ſince we are Vertuous in reſpect of them, we muſt certainly be ſo in regard of thoſe that

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are more indifferent to us. But that Gentleman, (Answered my Lord) if I am not Misinformed in his Character, has too much Sense to be made such a Tool of. Only Ingenious Men (answered she) are fit for our purpose, because such Persons are only able to Nourish a Passion without Enjoyment; Secondly, *being conscious of their Merit, they imagine our Love very real because of the worthiness of the Object*; And Lastly, *being the Oracles of the Age, their words are taken among their Friends, and our Reputation thus Established.* My Lord *C*—— was Amazed at this open Confession of cunning, which he had never discovered in the Sex before; and lest she should make the same Fool of him, he pressed hard for a Proof of the contrary, which I believe she granted, for he continued his Visits with great Assiduity.

Pere-

Peregrine all this while continued to Serve her with his Pen, and was very fond of Anſwering my Lords Letters, becauſe he found them very Witty and Paſſionate; and having a good memory at retaining what pleaſed him, he generally by once or twice peruſing, cou'd remember them, *verbatim*; and conſtantly when he left *Emilia*, would write them down, together with the Anſwers very diſtinctly, with which he uſed to divert himſelf very often; for he found ſo much reſpect in all my Lords Letters, that he could not ſuppoſe his Lordſhip had made any Advances beyond him. But *Emilia* had forewarned my Lord of making the leaſt mention of any her Favours, leſt the Letter might Miſcarry, and fall into Hands that might Publiſh her ſhame. By which Artifice ſecur'd, ſhe continued her ingenious Correſpondence with my Lord, which more

more and more engaged his Affections, without giving *Peregrine* any reſonable grounds of Jealoſy. He often preſſed for a Conſummation of his Happineſs; but ſhe ſticking to her Principles, tantalized him with Careſſes and Proteſtations of her Love, and never wanted a Pretence for delay, until unfortunately ſhe loſt Him and her Self on the following Occaſion.

One Morning three or four Gentlemen of the Law, *Peregrine*'s Acquaintance, came running into his Chamber, and asked him to accompany them to the *Old-Baily* to hear the Tryal. What Tryal (anſwered he? Why, the famous Tryal of Captain —— who is Arraigned for Murthering a Porter. This was News to him, and he went with them. The Indictment was Read, and the Tryal come on before they reach'd the

the Court; *Peregrine* was ſtrangely ſurpris'd to hear *Emilia*'s Voice at the Bar, and diſtruſting the truth of his Ears, cou'd not be ſatisfied till he ſaw her; She was Summon'd as a Witneſs for the Captain, where upon her Oath ſhe was forced to declare how ſhe made the Captain change Cloaths with the Porter in her Chamber, how ſhe ſent him down Stairs in the Porters Habit, and how the Porter had gone off with His; in ſhort, the whole Story, with all the Circumſtances of the Intreague, was diſcovered before the whole Court, and in *Peregrine*'s hearing; who now fully Convicted of the Treachery of his Miſtreſs by her own Oath, has once more put on firm Reſolutions of ever forſaking her; and that he may draw my Lord *C*——— out of the ſame Errour, he has given a Copy of all my Lords Letter's and their Anſwers to a Friend of his, who imme-

immediately deſigns to publiſh a Collection of Letters, where his Lordſhip may read his own Wit, and the Falſhood of *Emilia*.

FINIS.

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